

Daily Eagle

J. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

The Fellows Who Hope for Bryan.

Not counting the Fusion-Populists and the Fusion-Democrats at home, there appear to be others who have centered their hopes on William Jennings Bryan. For months the forlorn hope of Aguinaldo and his insurrectionary following has been Bryan. If, according to what he and his hold, Bryan should succeed McKinley, the Philippines would be turned over to the tender mercies of the man who once sold his country to Spain for a price in money. Of course the Middle-of-the-Road Populists and the Gold Standard Democrats have no use for Bryan, and secretly, no doubt, hope that something may turn up at Kansas City, or otherwise they are hoping that McKinley will be elected. But the Boers are now said to be for Bryan. The Boers have been led to believe that Bryan, if elected, would force his administration into intervention in the South African situation. Whether this is inspired by the members of the envoy, or by Bryan's speeches, is not known, but admitting that Roberts will be confronting Pretoria with a great army within a few days, the advisors of Kruger believe that they can hold out against any siege until November, when the political situation in the United States will have been decided. With this idea in view, this forlorn hope of this possible chance which time may bring, the Boer commissioners, after another visit to Europe, will return to this country in September to resume their efforts to create sympathy for the South African cause. The truth is there is no lack of sympathy already. But governments are not conducted along sympathetic lines. The wars under McKinley have raised the Yankee nation to be a first class power, such a power as any wrong move made by its administration might involve the world in war. And by this sign, even were Bryan elected, the national policy in the South African trouble would not be changed, nor would the Aguinaldo crowd of insurrectionists be treated differently from that which is now being accorded them. No man can be greater than his party, no president greater than the country. Bryan, as man and as president combined, therefore, could not turn the hands on the dial of time back, or force a new and different status for the nation or for its government.

The Chances for the Next Congress.

The Republicans have only thirteen majority in the lower house of congress, a majority uncomfortably small in numbers and unlucky in its numerical. While the leaders of the Democratic party have little faith in, and not much desire for, McKinley's defeat or for Bryan's election, they would like the equal voice in the legislation of the country which a Democratic majority in the house would afford them. Consequently there is going to be a great and systematic effort to carry a sufficient number of close congressional districts to give them the control of the representative end of congress. The Democratic party is going to make an awful effort to carry Kansas, or at least five out of the seven districts and also the congressman at large. With no other change, and Kansas changed, congress would be Democratic practically, as Pop-Fusionists always prove Democratic in disguise once they reach congress. Unquestionably the contest for the control of the next house will be exciting and close.

It's Dangerous to Die Rich These Times.

What with what the Bible says about the camel and the eye of a needle in connection with rich men trying to land in heaven, together with the late developing disposition upon the part of states to lay an inheritance tax on the fellow who "ups and dies" with more than his share of worldly possessions, it has become a question whether it is not the smartest thing for the very rich to give away a good portion of their surplus while yet in good health and in sound condition of mind. Carnegie says he thinks so, and Rockefeller is so inclined, but none of them have struck the gait of Mrs. Leland Stanford, who has given up millions upon millions and has now given away her old homestead, her latest benefaction being the gift of the beautiful Stanford mansion, together with an endowment of \$75,000, to St. Francis of the Catholic diocese of Sacramento, Cal., and his successors forever. The money is to be invested in interest-bearing bonds, the monthly income from which will be applied to the maintenance of the Lathrop-Stanford Children's Day Home, by which the house will be known. The Sisters of Mercy will have charge of the institution. This fine old mansion, one of the handsomest in the city, has been unoccupied for twenty years, since Senator Stanford and his family removed to the great home on Nob's Hill, San Francisco. It is stated that Mrs. Stanford has always cherished the dearest affection for the old home which she has just given away. It was there that her son, Leland Stanford, Jr., was born, and to this day the playthings in the little lady's room remain just as he left them. The old dining room appears as it did during the days when General Sherman, General Grant, President Hayes and other distinguished men were entertained there.

Female Suffrage and Other Degeneracies.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls from his health resort in Arizona is writing a vast amount of matter for the papers, and which is of more than ordinary import. He is not only a scholarly writer, but incisive. Every glint from his pen is as vivid as a flash of electricity across a black sky. He does not confine himself strictly to political conditions but deals with social problems and current interests. He has always been an open enemy to female suffrage, as he is of faith generally. He has been giving his attention to the equal suffrage question again, and from his latest screed we make the following extracts:

"The doctrines of female suffrage and the equality of the sexes are undermining the foundations of our social structure. Their advocates call it reform. It seems more like revolution. They are subverting the hotel and the club for the home, comradeship for marriage and bohemianism for domestic life. With wealth, leisure and luxury, they are establishing a social code that demands fidelity only to those who are faithful, and that forgives everything in a woman except old-fashioned goodness.

"A fatal contagion infects our society and portends individual degeneration and national decay. No nation can long survive a loss of moral integrity or the sanctity of the home. No one can observe without alarm the invasions of our country by this foreign pestilence and the amazing changes that are going on in the social condition. A deluge of French and English sewage is polluting literature, art and the stage. Plays glorifying infidelity, making marriage a jest and showing art as a rustic prudery, are accompanied by numberless sick and problem novels that treat nature's boldest mysteries with the brutal candor of the clinic and the dissecting table. Eager, thronging multi-

tudes listen to such plays as 'The Degenerates,' 'Sapho,' and 'The Turtle.'

"Break down the barriers of modesty and shame in a woman, teach the young that the distinction between right and wrong is an inversion of theology, that conscience is an impertinent interference with the natural enjoyment of life, that vice wears velvet and virtue goes in rags, and the evil is irreparable. This is the fatal process that is now going on through the decadence of art, literature and the stage.

"The home is the unit of the state, and the social law hitherto has been that woman's proper place is home—not as a slave or drudge, but as a companion, colleague and spiritual guardian; walking a path not of roses but of love, faith and duty, and supreme in that kingdom. The property reared and educated young woman anticipates marriage and maternity as her natural destiny. The race track, midnight revelries, high kicking, skirt dancing and coon songs are not favorable preliminaries.

"Even the most ardent and cynical of men in their better intervals turn reverently to the higher ideal of the—

"Perfect woman, nobly planned;
To warn, to comfort and command;
But yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of angelic light."

A Patriotism Which Pops and Burns.

The Pop party of Douglas county has resolved to live, even if compelled to kill somebody, or die itself in the attempt. Its declaration, in convention, that it is being "dangerously menaced" has a touch of tear-productiveness in it. Having satisfactorily disposed of England and the Transvaal war, and of United States imperialism in the Philippines, the committee on platform then goes for the old party of progress with the whoop, "That the action of the Republican party in its recent opposition to the plain requirements of the constitution, and in its subtle and diabolical movements in the interest of a moneyed oligarchy, emphasizes anew the necessity of a continuation of the People's party." Without waiting for the outside township delegates to catch their breath, the platform goes on with: "That we denounce the last financial act of congress, and brand it a measure false in statement, contradictory in expressed purpose, and diabolical in intent; a measure the purpose of which is plainly to compel the payment of a premium on gold and place the business and currency of the country not on a gold basis, but under the control of a European syndicated trust, combined usurer and his agencies in our own country."

Klondike Wide Open Again.

F. B. Dawes, who was employed by Governor Stanley to enforce the prohibitory law against the Klondike region at Leavenworth, and who has been unable to do it, now agrees with the famous declaration of Governor Morrill to the effect that local sentiment determines whether or not the law can be enforced. And, by the way, Governor Morrill was neither the author nor the first to express that truth with reference to the enforcement of the prohibitory law. However, Dawes says if he should ever return to the legislature he would make only one fight, and that would be for a local option amendment to the constitution. The law as it is now seems to be pretty much of a fraud," continues Mr. Dawes. "All efforts at enforcement fail. In none of the towns of the state are the joints closed successfully. There are many places where it is claimed the law is being enforced, but I'll venture the guess that liquors may be had in almost any town which might be named."

A Poor Way of Advertising.

The hogless men of Belleville, Kan., have joined hands and are boycotting what is known as "program advertising." They declare that program advertising has grown to be an intolerable evil. They do not consider that such advertising has value, and it is not the kind they would seek, but the solicitation comes in such a form that they cannot resist it very well except by concerted action. Wichita business men have not yet failed to recognize the fact that they are throwing away money in this kind of advertising, and many of them are consequently easy marks for every man who comes along with a new advertising scheme.

The Gondola Must Also Go.

As the automobile threatens to displace the high family stepper, so in Venice the electric launch is rapidly displacing the gondola and the steamboat, especially the type of the latter belonging to the Grand Canal fleet. For several years Venice has suffered, with much protestation, from the dirty and noisy little steam craft that ply along the main waterways of the city. They have robbed the larger canals of much of their characteristic and reposeful charm, but on account of the size of the boats they have not been able to invade the smaller water highways of the city. In these the silent and easily maneuvered electric launches vie with the gondolas and are even more popular.

As we have pointed out, on the behalf of the children, an eclipse of the sun is a fake of the first water. After a child has anticipated an eclipse for a week and from what he hears expects the earth to turn black as midnight at high noon, his experience with an eclipse, as it actually is, is a tremendous bunco.

In personal character, thought and motive the country has never had a man for president purer than President McKinley. But it is the pure man who gets the abuse of the theorists. No conference, synod or council ever thought of trying to condemn Grover Cleveland.

The chickens did not go to roost during the eclipse. They never went to roost during any previous eclipse. But when you get to be a very old man you will tell your children you saw the chickens do it and will believe it yourself.

The world is getting altogether too smart for most of us. It took us months to get onto the leg of a yacht race, and now the astronomers come along with a lot of talk about the "moon's limb."

If this government, as the courts hold, can not inoculate Chinamen against the bubonic plague, the chances are that compulsory vaccination on Americans is not legal.

Of course the scientists see a great deal in those photographs of the sun, but to the average eye they look like a fresh soft potato smashed against a blackboard.

Speaking of eclipses, a barrel of ink might be placed in front of Dewey's ambition in order that the scientists may examine the corona around the edges.

What a row the sun raises when he disappears for thirty seconds. What would happen if he should get up some morning five minutes late?

The Methodist church is a thoroughly democratic institution. It hates a slave. All the minority reports at the general conference are carriage.

Some of the Boers are now able to sing "God Save the Queen." But the amount of sincere feeling they put into it wouldn't stop a pinhole.

General Botha is for peace, and so are nearly all the other Boer generals. But there is one who is not for peace—old man Cronje.

Down in Alabama and Georgia they are claiming that stars were visible during the eclipse. We are all from Missouri.

After Great Britain is through in South Africa she will turn around sharp and say: "Who said European intervention?"

The way it is bobbing up, the first thing you know Bryan will begin to make promises on the eastern issue.

Apparently the British have poked everybody in the Transvaal save old Oom Paul.

His Dear Relation.

Lord Witney was surprised when he first saw his cousin's widow, with whom there had been a family feud. Lord Witney had picked up his "dear relation" as a typical dowager with the external appearance of a frump and the manners of a true virgin. Lady Witney, as it happened, was one of those fortunate women who preserve their fitness of figure. Also, she did not disdain to lend some skillful assistance to the work that her husband had been about to do, but she looked much younger than she was, and but for the well-known fact that her daughter's "coming out" was one of the events of the year, she might have passed successfully as the typical femme a trente ans. The debut, however, of that "tremendous peeress," Lady Mary Wytham, was such a brilliant event that in the fierce light which it cast on her family no secret, not even that of her mother's age, could remain unrevealed.

Lady Mary resembled her mother as a portrait does the original. At a distance they might be taken for sisters. On a nearer view due homage was paid to the attraction of youth, the beauty of the face, the sweet freshness of the manner. The very slightest acquaintance, however, showed that in the matter of "soul" the girl could not compare with the woman. Lady Witney was a spirituelle, vivacious, interesting; Lady Mary was sweet, fresh, good, pretty—and undeniably stupid. When we consider, however, that the fortune amounted to over a hundred thousand a year she was decidedly a paragon among heiresses.

"Witney ought to marry his cousin and reunite the title and the property," was what the old lady said. Kind and loyal as the young people even bustled about and tried to help this on. They gave dinner parties and sent him in with Lady Mary, who was friendly, but a trifle frightened, and therefore at first rather hesitating in hand than usual, Witney, however, was determined to make friends with his cousin, and she apparently found the forlorn fruit sufficiently pleasant to enable her to pluck up sufficient courage to enjoy it.

An entirely unpremeditated effect, however, was produced by some well-meaning but ignorant rich people. They put Lady Witney on his other side at dinner. She gave him her shoulder ostentatiously through the soup and fish. Then he spoke to her. She did not reply or turn, but she did not continue her conversation with her partner. Witney spoke again—a leading remark of a general kind. She turned on him with flashing eyes and a biting demon on her lips as if to rend him, and replied in a manner that from one stranger to another was decidedly fierce, not to say rude. Witney was not at all abashed.

It must be admitted that Lady Witney's behavior during the rest of the dinner was shockingly rude. She described her own partner and connived at Witney's neglect of his, solely in order that she might snub, contradict, and insult him in the most savage manner. The married man gave her the cold shoulder. He did not, however, regard her with an interested and slightly mocking smile, and replied with the utmost courtesy and politeness.

"Don't you think," she said, abruptly, "that a fortune-hunter is a despicable thing?"

"Certainly," he replied, readily.

"And don't you think that a fortune-hunter who pursues a girl simply for her money when he knows that he will never be allowed to marry her, and that the more ideas he has of her, the more he will never dare if he had a father or a brother to protect her?"

"Most cowardly and objectionable person. I am in love with the lady whom I am in love with is not an heiress or—"

"Oh, you are in love, are you?" she then said, with insolent disdain. "Who is it?"

"Well, really, you see, as a stranger—"

"You know perfectly well who I am."

"Certainly, but as you appear to—"

"And you have the insolence to speak to me as if you were a stranger? I think you are the most insolent, abominable, cowardly wretch—"

"I think you are the poltiest, gentlest, most sweet-tempered—"

Lady Witney's really fine eyes literally flashed fire—but at that moment the ladies fortunately rose.

The fact that she had not been able to kiss him with the last word troubled Lady Witney. She rather hoped that he would approach her afterward in order that she might finish what she had begun. What with looking furtively at him to see if he was coming her way and meditating crushing remarks for his benefit, she was not in a very pleasant frame of mind.

She reached home without having delivered herself, and feeling that she must do so or burst, she wrote a scathing letter, telling him that his conduct was most unbecomingly—

She bade him ever to speak to her or come near her again.

He replied courteously, acknowledging her letter and begging her "out of her great experience" to tell him whether under similar circumstances he should publicly refuse to sit by her or what?

"As if I were a hundred, and every one I look you up to tell a lady so."

She wrote a cutting note in reply, mentioning incidentally that though it was quite true that she was quite an old woman, understood twice as much as usual in decent society to tell a lady so.

Lord Witney wrote to disclaim that he had done this or had any intention of doing so.

He found it absolutely necessary to answer this to the effect that she attached no value to his opinion of her appearance, and he replied to her. How long this singular correspondence would have gone on it is difficult to say, but happening to meet Lord Witney at a party, Lady Witney went up to him and told him somewhat violently with "persecution."

"I know what you are aiming at," she said. "You want to get hold of my heiress daughter, and you think that if you persecute me you will drive me to consent to get rid of the annoyance."

"I utterly deny the persecution. I merely replied to your letters. That was common politeness. You might have ignored the replies."

"I could not. There was something so piquant, so interesting—and I could not bear that you should think—"

"I am sorry to hear that. I would not marry your daughter if she asked me. I love another woman."

There was a pause, and then Lady Witney said in an altered voice: "Does she love you?"

"Not yet. But she will."

"You seem remarkably confident. Is she so weak, then?"

"No, she doesn't seem to me weak," he replied, eyeing her with a smile. "She seemed to me a very determined and rather fiery little lady."

There was another pause, and their glances met.

"Do I know her?" said the lady with transparent indifference.

"Yes."

"I am sure I don't like her."

"On the contrary, you like her very much."

"Who is she?" inquired Lady Witney, with abrupt eagerness.

"I will tell you at the right time. In the meantime, shall we go to supper?"

Lady Witney was about to refuse violently, looked into his smiling handsome face, hesitated, and—

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The new town of Glencoe has decided to get along without a saloon. The Omaha lease question has been brought up in congress again. The quarantined territories are being violated south of Reno once more. At a number of the free homes ratifications Republican clubs are being formed.

The Democrats of Canadian county increase the candidacy for congress of H. B. Forrest.

The first case of smallpox has just struck Greer county. The county health officer has been exempt.

In Roger Mills and Washita counties a great number of blizzards have been made since the free homes bill passed.

Oklahoma merchants are being compelled to send in for a new stock of powder and fireworks for July 1.

Tenure names 120 territory cases in the Mangum High school in the last year, which is not a very shining record.

Tomorrow Alva will have her free homes celebration. It will be the biggest celebration yet held in Oklahoma.

There are thousands of acres of land in western Oklahoma which can now be had for merely residence upon them.

Canadian county Democrats have endorsed Dan Peery for a place on the territorial delegation to Kansas City.

Just at present it is possible to look at Bob Nott's chances for reaching congress without the aid of smoked glass.

Oklahoma City has word that President McKinley is at present wearing an Oklahoma City Rough Rider reunion button.

The Democrats of Canadian county, in speaking of free homes, underscore the words "non-partisan free homes bill."

The Santa Fe will construct a new passenger depot at Oklahoma City, but the officials refuse to give the location away.

In Kay county one man who attended a free homes celebration sold his claim for \$2500 between the blizzards from the south.

Oklahoma now has a wonderful start. She can keep it by practicing thrift individually and insisting that her public officials do so.

Tomorrow Alva and Woods county will knock a dent in the sands of time. Two million dollars saved in one county is good cause for joy.

Purdell named her streets with the names of presidents in one direction and with names of Indian tribes in the other direction. This plan is considered as good that it is being adopted generally in the Indian territory.

Clint Sabine of Oklahoma City, to ease pain, took too much chloral and died.

The Oklahoma Democratic delegation to Kansas City will be put up against Towne and will favor the nomination of a Democrat for vice president.

The Oklahoman has started the old cry that Bryan will be elected and that Oklahoma should send a delegate to congress who will be in sympathy with the administration. This plan was followed by Oklahoma in 1896, and it worked so admirably!

Pawnee Journal: Agent Mitscher this week made the following appointments of enumerators for the reservation: Fred Poff, Dennis T. Brown, Gilbert M. Parks, Thos. Bolser, A. R. Renfro, Oscar W. Johnson, John Sullivan and Fred Varnum. Three interpreters will be appointed later.

The Nardin Star says: On Monday morning there was a crowd of farmers assembled at this office that in everything but person appearance, reminded one of those "line up" days at the Perry land office. They had come in to make application to "prove up" on their farms. It was a crowd that reminded one of the old maxim: "a man and twice a boy" for it's doubtful if anyone of them ever have felt prouder since the first time they wore a pair of red-top boots, when a boy.

Along the Kansas Nile.

The extreme fusionists in Kansas should be called the "one routers."

The Newton Republican calls the election a "burnt cork show by the sun."

The cry of all the Populist and Democratic leaders is, "Get under one roof!"

Eva Brown of Lawrence has gone upon the stage and gives promise of becoming a great actress.

The Kansas City Times published a lot of pictures of the eclipse that look like the eye of a love-sick girl.

Will A. DeFord of Ottawa has been nominated for state senator by the Democrats and Populists of his district.

It is said that M. A. Low will be national commissioner. Low has said positively that he will not accept it.

A dispatch from Topeka to an eastern paper calls Topeka "this saloonless western city!" And the drug store men laughed.

Hugh Farrelley was beaten for the fusion nomination for congress in the Third district because as a state senator he voted against the Court of Visitation law.

At Winfield a tarantula seized a young chick and started away with it. A baby girl, whose pet the chick was, made the tarantula let loose.

Professor Lockman of the State University, who has been out to make the Kansas institutions non-partisan in their management, has a deal of a job on his hands.

Ed Howe was sick four days in crossing the Atlantic. In Paris he found rooms at 22 a day which were comfortable and comfortable. He starts home today.

John Seaton wants all the Kansas delegation at Philadelphia to wear linen dusters and plug hats. The delegation crushed the idea, and will wear their regular clothes and sunflower badges.

On July 1 the Democrats and Populists held congressional caucuses for the Second district at Paola and an attempt will be made to fuse under one roof, as was done in the Third district.

This year at Chapman the Memorial sermon was preached by Father Williams of the Catholic church. Twenty years ago Williams was a ragged orphan at Chapman and was known as "Bill Williams."

General Joe Hodson and Deil Kicker have retired from the Topeka Capital. Kicker was a splendid business manager and General Hodson stamped his personality on the paper and made it always interesting.

Dave Leach, Democratic candidate for secretary of state, is working hard to have a joint convention at Fort Scott.

The Topeka street is now open. It is a good show, but the attendance is so far is not heavy.

A society pointer from the Atchison Globe: "When the lights go out in all the houses of the neighborhood, and everybody has settled down for the night, it is time for young people who are making a deal of noise on front porches to 'streak.'"

The Republicans have pulled out an old law showing that it would be a misdemeanor for Duval and Campbell to go into an agreement, Campbell withdrawing.

The Democrats are laughing and pointing the Bailey-Curtis agreement for the Republicans to chew over.

A dispatch from Topeka, widely printed in the east, reads: "Kansas wants 2500 men to help her fight against the worst crop. State Grain Inspector McKenna, who has just returned from the Kansas wheat belt, says the state will pay \$100,000 bounties, and that harvesting will begin in southern Kansas by June 12. Nothing can occur now to injure the crop except destructive storms, as the earth has been regularly worked with timely rains. Last night nearly all of central Kansas was visited with heavy downpours, the rainfall in several counties being more than three inches."

Geo. Innes & Co.

Close Today
At One o'clock

Come this morning and supply your Linen wants, your Napkin wants, your Towel wants, your Muslin Underwear wants. It will pay you well to anticipate for a year to come.

The big Auction
Sale continues at
W. W. Pearce's.

On account of
Memorial day will
open sale at 3:30
instead of at 2:30
p. m.

134 N. Main.

Flags! Flags! Flags!

All Sizes—from the Smallest
To the Largest

We can give you very low prices on any size you may desire, and supply them at once. Hang out the national colors and show your respect for the nation's dead.

The Goldsmith
Book Stationery Co.
1125 DOUGLASS AVENUE
WICHITA, KANSAS

Engraved Calling Cards in stylish script.

When It Comes to

Lemon Squeezers
Ice Cream Freezers
Ice Pitchers
Goblets and Glasses

I am strictly in it. Why, it will cool you off to look at my stock.

J. E. CALDWELL, 130 N. Main.

The Man of the Hour...

A Magnificent Portrait of

President McKinley

Reproduced in Ten Colors from a Late Photograph, for which the President specially sat, at the request of the Publishers (Size 14x21 inches).



will be published by us about June 1. It is now being printed for us on heavy plate paper, in form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph houses in America, in the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these handsome pictures of the President. It must be remembered that this picture will be in no sense a cheap chrome, but will be an example of the very highest style of illuminated printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing room. Our readers can have the McKinley portrait at what it costs us (NAME IT TEN CENTS PER COPY) by merely filling out the coupon below, and sending it to this office AT ONCE. There will be such a demand for the portrait when it is published that we advise sending orders in advance. As many copies as may be desired can be had on one coupon. PROVIDING TEN CENTS IS SENT FOR EACH COPY. Write name and address plainly, and remit in cash or postage stamps.

To WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kans.:

For the enclosed remittance of _____ cents

send me _____ copies of President McKinley's

portrait in colors as described in today's paper.

Name _____
Date _____ Address _____

The Daily Eagle Delivered 10c a Week